



TACTICS.

Instructor: "Well, gentlemen, I have endeavored to explain to you the theoretical principle governing the movements of the various portions of a combined force; but I must warn you, that, in practice, on an ordinary field day you will probably find it result in hopeless confusion, while on active service it will be ten times worse."

AUGUSTUS AND HIS INSURANCE POLICY.

Once upon a time, in a far off land of detached houses and easy payments, there dwelt a young man named Augustus. He was a wise and prudent young man, whose parents had brought him up to do all the good he could, at all the times he could, to all the people he could, and wherever he could. Moreover, being such an expert in doing good for others, he naturally became expert in treating himself well also. So, when he got old enough to go to the polls without blushing, he took unto himself an accident insurance policy.

Years went by and the quarterly payments on the policy were called for and promptly paid, but still the young man's hard luck persistently followed him. For the life of him he could not contrive to get a single cent out of the accident insurance company. He had no overpowering desire to make himself for all time, but a piece of luck that would enable him to collect his \$5 per week with regularity would have suited him down to the ground. But, apparently, it was not to be.

By and by he began to take desperate risks. His one thought in business hours and out was how could he manage to get even with his policy. He was a perfect dandy at crossing crowded streets. He went in risky elevators daily and jumping on moving trolleys was his special dream of delight. For all that his diabolical luck

remember it very well, but that doesn't matter. Just around the corner there was a boiler explosion down a cellar under the sidewalk, and on one of the disturbed marble covers sat Augustus, soaring skyward. On his way down he fell headlong into a coal chute, and being possessed of slight resisting force went along with the black diamonds. After a while he was found and the ambulance took him home to his father's mansion in the place of detached houses and easy payments.

Now, this is where you are all wrong. Augustus did not pine away while the June roses were blowing and the swallows were twittering in the eaves. He did not rave at the hard hearted insurance company because they would not cough up on a lapsed premium. He simply lived in clover, and this is the fairy story part. In consideration of Augustus's long membership the insurance company paid him the \$5 per week and sent notes with each remittance, telling Augustus to take his time in getting well. But this is not all. The owner of the building where the boiler blew up took it for granted that it would be better to settle out of court, so Augustus now has money in the bank. When he has collected a few more hundred dollars on his accident insurance policy Augustus is going on a personally conducted party around the world with the money he received for his



"Did our hat-rack walk about and have only two paws, once, Auntie?"—Punch.

hang on. He simply could not get hurt. Of course, he might have stabbed himself or thrown himself out of his bedroom window, but either of those might have injured him severely and beside somebody might question their validity as genuine non-pare accidents.

Pretty soon another premium day came around the calendar, and the thought of it made the young man sick at heart. It was not the trifling amount which made Augustus mad. It was the thought that for nearly eight years he had been paying out smaller trifling amounts and no return yet on his investment, Augustus was angry, and all that week he took the most desperate chances. He talked back to a policeman. He refused to take a mutilated coin from a conductor. He walked under all the danger signs that he saw, and felt sorry if, by chance, any escaped his notice. He waited at the bridge loop from 8 to 8:30 every evening and still nothing happened. Augustus was very sad.

The night before his premium fell due Augustus went out into the hard, cold world to drown his sorrows in the usual way. After making sure that all his sorrows were out of their depth he fell into a deep sleep in the back room, and the bartender, being a friend of his, permitted him to sleep on, undisturbed. So Augustus slept, and when he got really awake the day that his premium was due had just passed over the sunset line, and the accident insurance of the day closed up. Augustus realized, with his bewilderment, that he had allowed his insurance policy to lapse by nonpayment; something he had never done before in all his life.

Out into the street went Augustus, heavy-eyed. A fire engine horse was running away as he reached the sidewalk, and Augustus had barely time to dive into a doorway before the beast charged over the sidewalk. Augustus said, "Gosh!" and, without thinking, he stepped on a banana peel which lay on the ground so hard that he fell head over heels. Augustus didn't

trip down the coal hole. He Augustus lived happily forever after.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A merchant once gave these rules as helpful to success:

"Making the most of one's opportunities; living up to the full measure of one's abilities; doing your work earnestly and honestly; ever striving through life to contribute to the happiness of others."

Don't stop work when the employer is away.
Don't criticize the management.
Don't "blat" the business.
Don't conclude you know more about the business than your employer.
Don't worry about being appreciated.
Don't be too fast in asking a raise in salary.
Don't be afraid of working overtime. Few great successes are made working eight hours a day.
Don't watch the clock too much.
Don't change places too often.
Don't guess or suppose, but know.

The Domestic Muse.

"John, have you brought the coal in?"
"Yes, dear."
"And lit the fire?"
"Oh, yes."
"And put the kettle on?"
"Just have."
"Well, then, you may go upstairs and write a few poems to pay the grocery bill; and don't forget a sonnet for the gas!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Why Should I Shoot?
Mr. Bloomer: "My dear, you have an irritating habit of asking, 'Why?' after every statement I make. Now, won't you try to break yourself of the habit?"
Mrs. Bloomer: "Why, certainly, my dear. I'm sure I don't know I did. I'll certainly try to break myself of the habit, as you suggest. But why?"—London's Weekly.



OVERHEARD IN THE ALPS.

First Tourist: "Do something to save me."
Second Tourist: "Faith, I'll drink to your health, and wish ye a long life."

May-Days Long Ago.
Ah, the gladsome, golden May-days that I knew.
On the verdant hills of Silgo, long ago,
Gazing out upon the bay
Where the monarch of the day
Smiles on sail and gull careering to and fro.
O, the glancing of the sea!
And the wild waves prancing free,
Linking hands like dancing children on the shore.

Over all the laughing skies
With the hush of Irish eyes—
Ah, 'tis said to think I'll see them never more.—Exchange.

The Colonel's Apology.
A curate up north, having preached a very clever sermon on the Sunday, called upon a certain Colonel on the Monday especially to ask his opinion.
"How did I like the sermon?" said the Colonel. "Very much indeed." It's one of my favorites.
"One of your favorites?" stammered the curate, slightly puzzled. "I do not understand."

The Colonel regarded him with a twinkle at the back of his eyes. "Of course, I won't say a word," he said, "but I knew very well that you stole it, and also where you stole it from."

"But," said the curate, and he spoke from out the whirlwind of his righteous indignation. "I am not in the habit, sir, of stealing my sermons. I fear you are laboring under a mistake, and—forgetting yourself, sir, I must ask you to apologise."

The Colonel was silent a moment. Then he said: "It may be that I have made a mistake. Wait a moment. I will make sure."

Going to his bookcase, he took down a massive tome of sermons—a rare and almost forgotten work. He turned to a certain page, and an apologetic, humble look came upon his face as he glanced up at the curate. "I beg your pardon," he said. "I apologise. You did not steal it after all, for I find it still here. My mistake, sir; my mistake."

Life and Death.

Life has a friend called Death,
Who strips him of his day,
That so, freed from the breath,
The soul may reach its day.

Life's not the outer eye,
Nay, not the beating heart;
These things all pass by,
When Death flings his dart.

Death is Life's brother sweet:
Who, silent, strikes and bends
On the brow the cypress meet
As the soul ascends.

Prayed and lessened is the garb
For to-morrow's light,
If in hate we throw the barb
Down the ranks of right.

Death is making his low house
New for you and me,
Where in fairness shall carouse
On Mortality.

The worm of the spaded field
That we tread upon
Masters of the low life sealed
When the better's gone.

The Life of our Life sees rain,
Stars and recurring sun;
But falls not on the plain,
When here its work is done.

Life is what Life brings
Up to the sunset ridge,
When the soul out-flings
Its way from pilgrimage.

"The bridge I make, O soul,
Calls not for you to pay."
Death says, and takes in toll
Our day-life day by day.

—James Riley.

So bold enough to say, "I don't know."
And if you can screw your courage up to it, add, "And I don't care."—Athens Globe.

"A dollar bottle of cod liver oil lasts me two weeks."
"Well, you're a green hand; a dollar bottle of cod liver oil lasts me a year."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"How is your Shakespeare Club coming on, Nancy?"
"Oh, we have to postpone it nearly every time because somebody wants to give a lecture."—Exchange.

Kisses.
With little kisses I shut your eyes;
I would not have them seeing and wise.
For, could I choose, I would have you be
Blind ever as now, when you look on me.

A wreath of kisses to crown your head,
That the whole world's crown should adorn
Instead.

To keep your thought of me ever kind.
As now, when your darling eyes are blind.
In each of your hands I shut a kiss;
Do you feel how soft and little it is?

So hold it gently that it may live,
Lest your hands ask more than my hands can give.

A kiss for an earring in each dear ear;
And now when I speak you can only hear
The heart of my heart's heart laugh and cry.
Not the foolish words it is stifled by.

A kiss on your mouth; and it bears no
charm
To bring you to good, to keep you from
harm;

It has no mission; yet let it be;
The rest were for you; but this is for me!
—Fall Mall Gazette.

Many a man is toasted, who needs to be
roasted.
They say Mars is a funny world. If it is
funnier than this one, it must be a freak.
Children are not cute when they are a
few weeks old, but it is different with a pup.

It's a pity a bawdy horse does not realize
that it is easier to pull than to take the
whipping that goes with a balk.

We have met drunkards in our day, and
never yet met one who said "hic." The
"hic" tradition should be called in.

Don't whistle; it takes the attention of the
people from their own affairs in wondering
what time you are trying to hit.

If you have a present to give a child, give
it to the oldest; he will get it any way, and
by giving it to him, you save him the
trouble of fighting for it.

When a woman goes away on a visit, up
to the time she reaches 50, her letters home
indicate that she is paying a great
deal of attention to her, and her husband
has cause to be jealous.

The prize goes to an Atchison girl. She
visited in Washington, New York and Chi-
cago, and not once did she so far forget
herself as to bat an eye or look astonished
or pleased at the sights; she wasn't going
to let anyone know that she lived in a town
where a three-story building is regarded as
good and dandy.

The season is here when men think they
are wise by getting off jokes about house
cleaning; how the house is torn up while
it is in progress, and how the women folk
look in a manner to frighten horses used
to the cars. Do they ever think it is cheap
wit? The women who see that the house
is thoroughly scrubbed and cleaned once a
year (and surely that it not too often) can't
see any fun in their jokes. Every man who
gets off a joke on house cleaning should be
given a kitchen apron and a scrubbing
brush.—Atchison Globe.

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The Light Ahead.
The Golden Age! The Golden Age!
The mecca of our dreams!
The theme that lights the prophet's page!
How distant yet it seems!
Across the long and weary years,
We see it through a blur of tears.
We see it like a verdured isle
Across a sunset sea.
The elements upon it smile
In peace and harmony.
In keeping with the concord rare
Of those who dwell together there.
Its glories through the olden time
Were painted and were sung.
'Twas pictured in a happy clime
When earth and man were young.
Its purity and innocence
Were mortals' lost inheritance.
But latterly a promise new
Is brought to us by Hope;
Revealed unto our eager view
The Future's portals ope;
The Golden Age lies yet ahead
And not in epochs past and dead.
'Tis filled with wisdom, love, and good,
With largess and increase,
Where all may share in brotherhood—
The thousand years of peace
Foretold by one unto whose soul
The Future opened as a scroll.
Along the road of Progress march
The races on and on.
Far up the way a dazzling arch
Gleams golden in the dawn.
Beyond it what may lie in store,
What wonders never dreamed before?
It is God's promised blessing, set
Before the Coming Race,
Children's children's children yet
May see it face to face;
But we, the masters of To-day,
Must see the light and lead the way.
—Denver News.

A Master Epitaph.
From the Christian Intelligencer.
This epitaph on a watchmaker may be
seen in Lydford churchyard, on the borders
of Dartmoor, England:
Here lies, in horizontal position,
the outside case of
George Routledge, watchmaker,
whose abilities in that line were an honor
to his profession.
Integrity was the mainspring and Prudence
the regulator
of all the Actions of his life.
Humane, generous and liberal,
his HAND never stopped
till he had relieved distress.
So nicely regulated were all his motions,
that he never went wrong,
except when not going.
Who did not know his key;
even then he was easily
set right again.
He had the art of disposing his time so well
that his hours glided away
in one continual round
of pleasure and delight,
till an unlucky minute put a period to
his existence.
He departed this life
Nov. 14, 1890,
aged 77,
in hopes of being taken in hand
by his Maker,
and of being thoroughly cleaned, repaired
and set going
in the world to come.

A Dude of 1870.
From a newspaper printed in the year 1870
is the following description of a dandy: "A
few days ago a macaroni made his appear-
ance in the assembly room at Whitehaven,
dressed in a mixed silk coat, pink satin
waistcoat and breeches, covered with an
elegant silk net, white silk stockings, with
pink clocks, pink satin shoes and large pearl
buttons; a mushroom colored stock, covered
with fine point lace; hair dressed remark-
ably high and stuck full of pearl pins."

She (haughtily): "I happen to know that
you have already proposed to two other
girls this year."
He: "Yes, dear, but I assure you it was
only out of compassion."—Detroit Free
Press.

The following request, written on a scrap
of wrapping paper, was sent in through the
delivery station of a large city library:
"Please send me Daniel Boone or Little Lord
Bamford."—The Library Journal.

Lady Hildegarde, who is studying the
habits of the democracy, determines to
travel by omnibus. Lady H.: "Conductor,
tell the driver to go to No. 104 Berkeley
Square and then home."—Punch.

"How is it Scaddan, who used to be so
down on war, is anxious to enlist and go to
the Philippines right off?"
"I don't know, and what makes it odd is
he only got married a couple of months
ago, too."—Philadelphia Times.

Cassidy: "How can you say you save money?
Shure, ye spend ivery cent ye make and
never lay anny by."
Casey: "Av course. That's how I save.
If I laid anny by somebody'd borrow it, an'
tho'd be the end av it."—Philadelphia Press.

"Arabella rather startled the club."
"How?" "Well, she was to have a paper
on 'The Functions of Fiction,' and she came
up with one on 'The Functions of Functions.'"
—Detroit Free Press.

Wife to unhappy husband: "I wouldn't
worry, John. It doesn't do any good to
bicker trouble." Husband: "Borrow trou-
ble! My dear, I'm not borrowing trouble;
I've got it to lend."—Tit-Bits.

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Mrs. De Mon: "I gave you my card yesterday; why did you not call for the clothing I promised you?"
Procrastination Bill: "I beg pardon, mam, but yesterday was Monday, and de card said 'At home Thursdays.'"—Fun.

Benjamin Hill, or, Flowers of the Forest.

The traders that hail from the Clyde,
And the whalers that sail from Dundee,
Put forth in their season on top of the tide
To gather the grist of the sea,
To ply in the lanes of the sea.

By fairway and channel and sound,
By shoal and deep water they go,
Guessing the course by the feel of the
ground,
Or chasing the drift of the floe,
Nor west in the track of the floe.